

A Letter to a Gentleman,

U P O N

*A Royal Fishery,
A Council of Trade, and
A National Fishery.*

S I R,

In obedience to your Commands, I here send you my Thoughts, of a *Royal Fishery*, and of a *Council of Trade*; and whither they are Projects fit for so Great a People, as the People of *England* to build on, I leave you to judge.

The first Sir, has been often try'd, and is just, as if *England* should set up a Royal Wooll Manufactory, and by virtue of a large House, many Subscriptions, and Officers to receive the Money, design'd to make a world of Woollen-Cloth; what the Consequence of such a Project will be, judge you: that is, Judge, whether the Publick Manufacture, will break the Private Manufactures, or the Private the Publick; and whether *England* can be Six-pence the better supposing either.

The other Sir, was Sir *Walter Rawleigh's* Project a hundred Years ago, only he calls that a *State-Merchant* which we call a *Council of Trade*.

Now Sir, whoever seriously considers, that *England*, after plowing the Seas a hundred Years, can show but Seven or Eight Millions by Trade, and that the *Dutch* in the same time, has actually rais'd above a Hundred * Millions in Gold, with Seamen to defend it, out of *England's* Fish-Ponds, must sure own a *Council of Trade*, has signify'd very little to the *English* Nation; and that *England* by neglecting Fishing, especially the *Newfoundland-Fishing*, has not only lost Millions which ought to be now in *Englishmen's* Pockets, but has given *The French* opportunity to raise Millions, and that *Fleet* we now see, *A growing Fleet* Sir, rightly consider'd; *Mountains of Gold*, as well as those *Jewels* Seamen, being to be rais'd by that *Fishery*.

Now Sir, that *England* has neglected this Rich *Fishery*, decay'd *Bridport* in *Dorsetshire*, that flourish'd upon making of Nets, and twenty places more, can witness: And indeed Sir, had the six or seven hundred Ships, *England* had on this Rich *Fishery*, encreas'd, as you know they ought to have done, instead of decreas'd, the World must own, *England* might have sent abroad, as bold a Message now, as *Queen Elizabeth* did, which you know Sir, silences all ingenious Writers upon Trade and Navigation in the Nation, and plainly shews they scribble and prattle to no purpose; and that if *England's Power* is ever to be rais'd, it must be by a *National Fishery* or *Never Raised*. But Sir, to do that, requires more Art, than most Men imagine, *England's National Fishery*, which has Vertue in't to get the Riches of the World, being to be rais'd without Six-pence †, when all the Money in the Nation, and Ten times as much, won't do't: And this Sir, being the sublimest Lesson, in that great Art or Mystery call'd *Commerce*, or the Art of raising the Power of a People, I lay it before you; a Lesson Sir, if you carefully Learn, and can fairly demonstrate, to the Nation, how it may be practis'd, there's no doubt

Sir, you may have what Reward you please, the true Art of Fishing being of more value to the *English* Nation than can be express'd, or indeed the Philosopher's-Stone, were there such a thing; for what's that Jewel Liberty, without this Art, or that Never-to-be-valu'd-enough Religion? for tho' it has pleas'd God, to bless the People of this Nation, with the Oracles of his Truth in their own Tongue, yet without this Art, how is it possible to defend these Sacred Oracles? for what's these inestimable Jewels, and all the Riches and Jewels in the Nation, without a Fleet? What's a Fleet without a growing *National Fishery*, or solid Nursery for Seamen? especially among Neighbours whose Power is arising, who, you know, are Friends to Day for their Interest, and Enemies to

* Sir Walter Rawleigh, Sir John Burrows, and twenty more, but especially the growing Dutch and French Fisheries plainly shews, what England has lost, may lose, and may get by Fishing.

† That is Sir, in plain English, no Money must be rais'd, no Man must be forc'd to Fish.

The Design of these Thoughts is to show

Sir, all ingenious Writers upon Fisheries, only learned-
out, that Fish is good
tis catch'd — All in-
Writers upon Trade, in
Words, say nothing, and
blot Cart-Loads of Paper
purpose: Sir Walter Raw-
s Project being the Cream
all these Jest, empty Noise,
ain Amusements; a Pro-
Sir, that never has been,
never will be of Six-pence
to the English Nation, the
lish Nation, under God, de-
ling upon timely Raising a
ional Fishery; for the Day
Sea-Power's master'd, you
v, All goes with it.

That all ingenious Discourses upon Trade, Navigation, &c. since Sir *Walter Rawleigh's* Time, even his not excepted, were only empty * Noise, and vain Amusements, and never has signify'd, nor never will signifie Six-pence to the *English Nation*.

That the Rise of the *French* Naval Power, and the Fall of *England's* Fisheries, proves it with a Witness.

That all the Wits in *Europe*, were *Solomon* to help 'em, can't raise the Wealth and Power of *England*, without raising *England's* National Fishery.

That *England's* National Fishery is to be rais'd by Art, not Money.

That upon that Art *England's* All depends, if *England's* All depends on Naval Power.

And now, Sir, if any of these Thoughts chance to awaken *Great Britain*, who knows but it may prove a Parallel Case to what has formerly happen'd: A Goose, you know, awak'd those that sav'd the Capitol, the Capitol sav'd *Rome*, *Rome* conquer'd the World. In other Words, Sir, if all these Thoughts in the *Aegyptian* Darkness we live in, does but afford us the Light of one Star, who knows but that Star may prove a Morning-Star, and lead in that Glorious Sun call'd *England's* Growing National Fishery, which as it rises will become *Great Britain's* Glory, and the Gaze, Wonder, Envy, and Terror of the World.

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